

NUMBER TWO - \$1.00



Stocking

Parade



SEXSENSATIONAL STOCKING SHOCKERS

DIARY OF A STOCKING SALESMAN

STOCKINGS ABROAD - *England*

Featuring:

Yolanda Young

Cindy Cole

Gloria Rand

Wilma Evans

Josel

Randy Taylor

....and the sensational



LAUREN ARVELLE



A *Unique* PUBLICATION



Stocking



A Unique
PUBLICATION

VOL. 1 NUMBER 2

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STOCKING PARADE, Vol. 1, No. 2, October-November, 1965. Published bi-monthly by UNIQUE PUBLICATIONS LTD., Suite 815, 21 Dundas Square, Toronto 2, Canada with editorial offices at 1733 Broadway, Rm. 405, New York 19, N. Y. Application for 2nd class permit pending. All rights reserved by Unique Publications Ltd. Nothing may be re-printed in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all unsolicited manuscripts, pictures, artwork, etc. The publishers and editors accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited materials of any kind. Any similarity between people and places in fiction and semi-fiction in this publication and any real people and places is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

*Yolanda Young . . . A Treasure to Behold in Luscious
Textured Stockings Leads Off The Stocking Parade!*





Yolanda comes to us from deep in the heart of Texas where men are men, and women dress to please in thigh embracing stockings. This dark-haired beauty has a dash of Mexican blood, and this gives her a special brand of fiery appeal. Yolanda now lives in New York our photographer spotted her in a restaurant where she is working part-time. The first thing he noticed were her shapely legs, carressed by smoky-tone textures. After talking to Yolanda, he discovered that she was interested in modeling...





Yolanda agreed to pose for these pictures, and was extremely pleased when she learned they would appear in "The Stocking Parade." As you can see, she's a natural before the camera. Soon after these were taken, an agent signed Yolanda and she's well on her way to fame!





*Young
Yolanda*

SEXATIONAL STOCKING SHOCKERS

(The strip that's sweeping Europe)

by Murray Heintz

Male audiences in Europe are 'flipping' over the newest status symbol! The Continental strippers are luring huge and rapturous audiences because they have heightened their acts with one simple twist that has their American sisters beat!

STOCKINGS!

These European strippers are revolutionizing their sexy strip acts with their sexational stocking shockers!

Like wildfire, their strip acts are sweeping European nightclubs. The menfolk are storming to see these fabulous ladies go through their stocking paces!

These ladies-of-the-buff pack such a wallop with their knowledge of uninhibited sexuality! Each one of these mistresses of the art of "bewitchery" goes through her act with no holds barred! They each have a beauty that reaches right to the guts of spellbinding exposure. When they perform, they remind each man in the audience what force there is in feminine sensuality!

These Continental ladies know the full value of their legs and the stockings that adorn them!

Sure, the American stripper knows every trick of the trade. They have ample bosoms, shapely legs, even their high-heels are as fetching as the Continental ladies. But there is one difference that puts the Continental strippers far ahead of the Yankee beauties.

STOCKINGS — but not only stockings!

These European 'gamins' also have that heart-warming virtue — an attitude of pure animalism! This attitude is a combination of three ideals: playfulness, pride and passion.

First of all, these stocking strippers create a sportive mood. Large, red lips molded into a voluptuous line of mystery. Her mouth neither spreads itself into a smile nor a pout. Her mouth seems to have a secret all its own; her mouth seems to say, "Come play with me."

This playfulness is topped by an undeniable pride. Her pride shines in her eyes; full, round and heavily lashed. Her eyes seem to say, "I am woman!" Her eyes flash like gems; you can't tell if she's a saint or a sinner! With one glance, she flashes her eyes at the audience as if to say, "I am devoted to you," and then in the next kittenish instant, she cunningly closes her eyes in tempting slits that seem to say, "Catch me if you can!"

From playfulness to pride, she next pours on the magic ingredient that melts the lusty males. She seethes with burning PASSION! Every part of her body radiates this passion. But, here's the startling secret of her overwhelming *success* these days! She channels all her charm, her playfulness, her pride and devilish passion into one part of her body — HER LEGS!

She will have nothing to do with bare legs, or tights! She knows that the greatest excitement in the stripper's guile is to assume she is in her own bedroom, and every man in the audience is her one and only lover!

She covers her legs with ordinary-length hosiery, fastens them to garters — and let's her cunning attitude take over from there! While she makes the male audience feel as if they have been invited into her bedroom for the night, each man's blood goes hot and his imagination is sparked to arousing attention!

Let it not be overlooked that while these stocking strippers may put the greatest attention on their stockings, they also adore the fascination of their extra high-heels. They usually choose simple pumps with extra-high heels. They choose them in finest leathers that seem to pamper their exquisite toes. They like the needle-point high-heels because they give an added beauty to their "sculptured" feet.

Who are some of these Continental shockers? In the following pages of STOCKING PARADE, you have a personal invitation to the imaginative bedroom of four of the leading stocking strippers.

PARISIAN PANTHER

Carole Ryva is a ravishing blonde

Sphinx! She's turning Paris topsy-turvy with her act. She veils herself in a quiet aura of steaming sex! She is like the diamonds that adorn her garters; an inner fire that burns deep in the heart!

Mademoiselle Ryva prefers the sensuality of mesh stockings. As she herself says, "I like mesh stockings. They remind me of delicate fishing nets. I catch my men in these nets." And every man that has ever seen Carole Ryva in her act agrees that she enmeshes them with her stockings. She has a way of taking her net stockings off that makes men's heart beat faster!

Delicately, she toys with the gem-studded garters. She is hesitant at first, almost as if she needs a man to help her. Then, she fingers the hem of the stocking, and begins to roll the stocking down in an even rhythm. When she reaches her knee, she sighs. That sigh can only come from the mysterious depths of her passion! The audience holds its breath, for the men know the joy she's going through — the touch of the net, the stretch, that thrill of the web-like yarns passing over her soft skin! She never removes the stocking completely! By the time she reaches the foot of her stocking, she decides not to reveal her barefoot. She promptly covers her shapely legs once more, pulling the hem of the stocking ever higher, ever more tantalizingly over her thigh. Her last little touch of iniquity is showered on her foot. She adjusts the foot of her stocking more alluringly over her toes. She remains the quiet, seething, sultry Sphinx to the end of her act!





THE YUM-YUM GIRL

Another svelte Parisian giving a new dimension to strip-teasing is the honey-haired Myriam Michelson. She's making the male audience of the Crazy Horse Saloon a pack of howling wolves! Myriam has that clean-cut look of everybody's "girl next door." But Myriam is a tempestuous female who deceives her audience. She comes on with her God-given innocence, but her face gives her away. She seems to say, "I wanna be naughty. Will you help me?"

She has no great philosophy of sex appeal. She doesn't even like to talk about her art! Everything happens to her naturally! She says, "I only want to please the men." And then proceeds to devastate the audience with her utterly fantastic innocence!

Myriam likes the long, lean line of her garters. She makes no fancy pretense about what kind of stockings she prefers, as long as the stockings are sinfully black or gun-metal and cover her legs in a whisper-thin sheen. What pleases her most is when the stockings stretch tightly on her legs, and the brilliant sheen of the black color radiates

the glamour of her sun-toasted tawny legs. She relies on her feminine intuition and this gives a no-nonsense quality to her act — fast becoming a classic of its kind in Paris!

Myriam is the embodiment of young female innocence who has the fresh rapture of wearing her first pair of long stockings. This makes her all the more the appealing temptress! Unlike Carole Ryva, Myriam Michelson has no secrets, except the boundless fascination of her sensual youthfulness!



SATAN'S PLAYTHING

It's a short jaunt from Paris to Rome, but it's a big jump from the innocence of Myriam Michelson to the hot, torrid raciness of Ghora di Venezia! She's plaguing the Romans with her wild cat-like femininity. She's got the kind of wicked beauty that could set Rome burning while she 'fiddles' — fiddles with her stockings, that!

This black-haired, sex-bomb plaything ravages the heart of the most stolid Latin lovers. The way she dons her silky stockings makes the men-folk think she had invented the word sex! "A man's heart is my rubber ball. I like to bounce it!" she says. And the way she wears stockings, she bounces the male heart!

When Ghora comes on bare-legged, holding a pair of stockings, she seems to have a look of wonderment and amusement on her face. She looks at her stockings in her hand as if she were surprised to find them there. Then, with a satanic intent, she takes one stocking in her hand, and begins to place the wispy wonder over her foot. She handles her foot with a blatant passion. She shields each toe, her heel

and ankle as if they were parts of her body no man should see. The stocking fits over her toes, and the extra black reinforced part of the stocking covers her toes and heel. She holds her foot up, and while it is only her foot, the most fanatic Latin lover blushes with the feeling that he is seeing a forbidden part of her body! She talks to her audience; "You men! This is my beautiful foot, and I am hiding it from you with my stocking!" She wiggles her toes in her stocking. Men all but faint from desire!

She's rough! She's daring! Ghora pulls and tugs at her stockings throughout her act. She stretches the extra-fine fibres of the stockings rather roughly. The audience can all but see her blood racing through her legs. Her legs palpitate with sensuality!

She slaps her thighs covered with the tops of her stockings. The sound of the skin-thin stockings being slapped on her flesh gives a sexy thud! She is totally abandoned. One critic said that she reminded him of Eve committing the original sin!

It's all art, all sex, all passionate bitchery!



TEUTONIC TEMPTATION

Not to be outranked by her Southern

sister, Germany has her fair share of busty beauties who know the worth of long-stemmed, stockinged legs!

Dodo D'Hambourg, a Hamburg helion, is currently living up to the reputation of that German seaport — Sin City of Europe! Dodo is sinful! She has sturdy Teutonic legs, exotic beauty, and one of the most evilly glamorous bodies on the Continent. She has a slithering, come-hither sexy face, full, firm bosoms; but she puts all the emphasis on her legs!

Like all the other European strippers, Fraulein D'Hambourg has an experienced knowledge of the temptations of stockings! She's a very clever female. She has a tendency to favor the net-style stockings.

It's a well-known fact that women have a built-in fascination for trapping men! A female goes about her baiting ways in full knowledge of what she's doing. For example, if a woman has smudged her lipstick, the man would most-likely try to clean-up the smudge. He wants to be helpful. It's much like when a woman straightens a man's tie.

Fraulein D'Hambourg plays on this theme; leaving something just a little bit out of whack. She does it with her seams! When she turns her back to the male audience, she reveals seams that are ALMOST straight! She knows damn well those seams are crooked. The seams pucker slightly, causing her black stockings to wrinkle. Every man in the audience has one desire; to run his eager fingers up that puckered seam and straighten it!!!

What makes Dodo D'Hambourg, the Hamburg sinner, so fascinating is the fact that her face is an open book, and invites every man to fondle the seams of her stockings.

One interviewer quotes her as saying, "I do not know what all the shouting is about. Everybody screams about my seams. They are crooked. I want my man to straighten them for me. What I mean is, I want my man to put me straight!"

Fraulein D'Hambourg is never rowdy or vulgar in her act; she is merely sinful! MERELY? She is absolutely shameless, positively sexy, and supremely magnetic!

LESSONS IN STOCKINGS

The Continent has many more fabulous sex-goddesses! Each, in her own way, is a lesson in temptation. Each is an exponent of an individual variety of sexuality, feminine cunning and sheer wickedness — as sheer as their stockings!

These European strippers have one thing in common, though — those stockings!!!



DODO D'HAMBOURG

They are causing a revolution in sexology with their stockings. They could teach their American sisters that one basic lesson — the SEXATION of stockings!!!

It is the Continental female who leads the way in the daring-do of the outrageously sensual textured stockings. She chooses colors that one never thought possible. These textured stockings not only come in a variety of patterns like diamonds, and pin-stripes to accent the wonder of the female leg, but also in high-fashion colors like chiffon green, sea blue, coral pink, fetching fuschia, and a complete palette of browns and tans. And of course helish black and grey. The seams of these stockings heavily accent the leg line!

The American strippers trust to the voluptuousness of their bodies. They shimmy, shake and share their bodies. And they seem naughty doing it!

But the Continental belles rely on stockings, and they make their acts ap-

pear down-right wicked!

It is surprising that the American strippers do not know what men really want! It is surprising that they have not discovered the temptation of the shaded leg!

You men reading STOCKING PARADE have the uninhibited pleasure of reveling in these pictures of Carole Ryva, Myriam Michelson, Ghora di Venezia and Dodo D'Hambourg. You can see for yourself the tempting power of these girls' legs. You can sense their overwhelming drawing power; that sense of mystery that transforms itself into a thrilling sexuality!

The lesson the American strippers can learn from these stocking-queens is the fact that there is a primitive urge that should be explored; that animal drive basic to all human beings. The European stocking strippers accomplish their feats of pleasing men by their triple-plated attitude; playfulness, pride and passion! It's a dazzling secret that each stocking stripper takes to her



MYRIAM MICHELSON



heart — and legs!

With unbounded freedom, the European sisters go all-out for their men! There's no hanky-panky about it. Their strip acts require nothing more than a pair of ordinary stockings! Any woman can purchase a pair in her local department store, and do her own strip act for her favorite man! But she had better learn the attitude (playfulness, pride and passion) before she models for her lover!

Stunning high-heels are important! Whether they have decorations (little bows, or extra stitching on the sides)

is not too important. As long as the shoes have a smart spike heel to give that extra line of grace!

It doesn't matter if the seams are slightly crooked. The male will have all the more pleasure of setting things straight!

As any of these Continental strippers will advise her American sister; buy a variety of colors, buy both seamed and seamless styles, textured styles, even choose some that are knit a little heavier. But by all means, tempt him with stockings!

If the American female does not

DODO D'HAMBOURG



have the opportunity to go to Europe to see these strippers in action, the next best thing is to ask your local movie theatre manager to revive the film, **THE BLUE ANGEL**, starring Marlene Dietrich. In that film, Miss Dietrich plays a nightclub singer. She displays some of the most beautiful

(Continued on Page 70)



GHORA DI VENEZIA

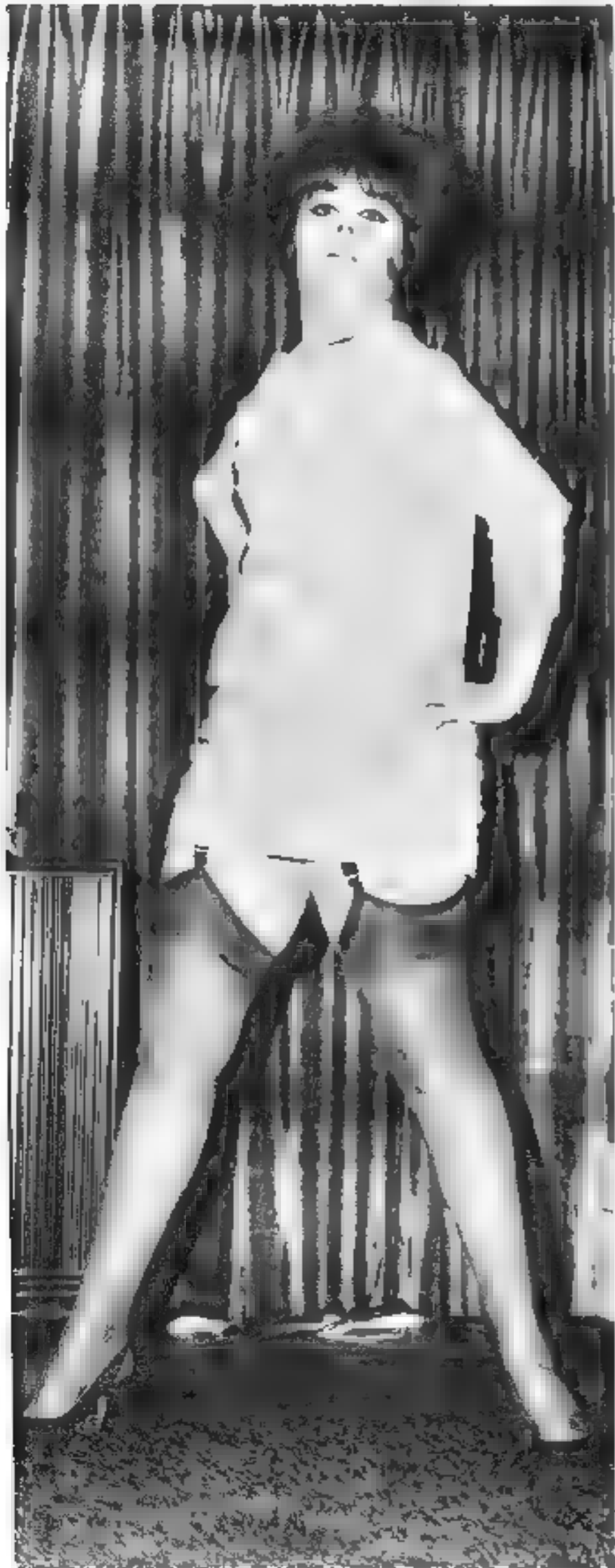
Cindy Cole...

Campus

Stocking Queen



Cindy is a coed in a large mid-western university, and she holds the distinction of being the university's first "Stocking Queen." She competed against 56 other girls to win!





The night that Cindy won the stocking contest she was wearing light grey, filmy nylons, stretched tight to her thigh by satiny black garters. The entire football team carried their new queen through the town — her lovely stocking'd limbs out for all to see!



Cindy and her sorority sisters were the originators of the contest. After seeing how the men on campus loved to look at legs sheathed in glove-tight stockings, they decided that the time had come to give stockings official university recognition. At first the dean was against the idea, but when the girls paraded into his office in high heels, and sheer nylons he was quick to change his mind.





The Dairy Of A Stocking Salesman

by Samuel Pop Jenks

The gunfire roar of a motorcycle down in the courtyard awakened her. She was annoyed.

It was six thirty in the morning. The sharp sunlight bit into her sleepy eyes. She had fallen into bed at four, happily exhausted from a late evening of dancing at a neighbouring casino. She had wanted to sleep till noon, but the roar of the motorcycle had awakened her.

The revving of the motor continued in the courtyard. She could not sleep. Angrily, she tossed off the covers from her partially dressed body. Still, under the spell of her sleep, she got out of bed. Her eyes were barely opened. She stumbled to the window. Leaning on a wingchair by the window, she demanded that the motorcycle stop that noise.

The crack-whip sound of the motor continued. She was furious and

reached for an object to throw at the motorcycle — as if it were a cat in heat on a fence.

"Please! Please! I would desire to have more sleep," she called from the upper window, in a young voice with a trace of a French accent. With that, she flung the object out the window — but in her sleepy condition, she did not realise that it was her STOCKING that floated featherlike down to the courtyard lawn — landing on a branch of a bush! She did not realize then what danger that stocking would cause!

"So sorry, mademoiselle," a deep, quiet masculine voice answered. The motor noise stopped.

She opened her eyes slightly, and saw this man straddling the motorcycle. She was not aware that the man greedily feasted his eyes on her partially dressed body. She had a thin strip of a black brassiere hiding her

tender, young breasts. Her garter belt encircled her lithe waist as though an arm were embracing it. One garter hung free, the other garter was stretched tightly, holding up her other stocking. She had managed to remove only one stocking before falling into bed. The window-sill cut-off a full view of her legs.

The man on the motorcycle licked his lips slowly, deliciously. He waved to her.

She closed the shutters with the only desire of returning to her bed. But she was not able to close out the dangerous destiny that was soon to swoop down on her.

The man, down in the courtyard, got off the motorcycle, and walked over to the bush. He had to stand on his tip-toes to get the stocking the young French girl had thrown in anger. He pulled a branch down, and

carefully, lest the precious object rip, he removed the stocking from the bush. He stretched the beautiful stocking, and admired its lustrous gun-metal sheen! He took the foot of the stocking between his fingers, and rubbed the darker-coloured heel and toe with excitement. He put his hand inside the opening, and held his veiled hand towards the bright sunlight! He watched the gold sunlight play bewitchingly on the stocking, bringing out an excitement to the soft gun-metal shade of the stocking. Then, he slowly crushed the stocking in his hand, enjoying the electric thrill of the soft yarn crumbling in his strong hand! He quickly opened his hand. The stocking popped out of his hand as if it were a prisoner being set free! He smiled, a soft, deep appreciative laugh crawled out of his throat.

He took the stocking in both hands, and brought it to his nose and lips. He inhaled the glorious female fragrance of the stocking. He pressed it to his lips, and languorously kissed the skin-like object. He quickly stuffed the stocking into the pocket of his leather jacket, and headed for the kitchen. Peter Steven was a waiter in this hotel-resort. He had breakfast duties to attend to, change into his uniform, and see to it that the bus-boys set the table properly.

His mind was not on his work! His thoughts were caught up with the image of the girl at the window — and her stocking! It never occurred to him that danger had an appointment with him too!

Later that morning, the girl came down to brunch. Her rich, dark hair was smartly brushed into a tight sweep. She had softly accented her sleepy eyes with masacara, reddened her cherry-red lips, and put on a white tennis dress that clung alluringly to her curvaceous body. She wore black patent high-heel, and no stockings. She carried a tote bag, and a tennis racquet.

She entered the dining room alone. And as destiny planned it, Peter was her waiter.

Peter came to her table, bowed slightly, and asked her order. The girl did not look up, but brusquely asked for orange juice. "I will decide the rest later." She was pouring over a newspaper. Peter bowed again, and headed for the kitchen.

An elderly gentleman came into the dining room, and took his place at the girl's table. "Bon jour, Marie," the elderly gentleman greeted the girl.

"Bon jour, Simon," she answered without looking up.

"Ah, Marie, you must not read

the newspaper while you eat. You must look at me," the gentleman said, "and is not my English improving?"

Marie put down the paper, and smiled at Simon. "Oh, yes; oh, yes." She sounded very bored. But Simon was rich!

Peter brought her orange juice. He was surprised to see the elderly gentleman sitting with her.

"I will have some of the orange juice, also," Simon said. Peter bowed, looked fleetingly at Marie, and returned to the kitchen.

"Tennis today, eh, Marie?" Simon asked.

"I am dressed for it. I have the racquet here. Apparently it is tennis today, Simon!"

Simon frowned, "Oh, dear Marie, you are a little, how you say, annoyed?"

Marie tried to cover up her boredom by smiling, and patting Simon on his freckled hand. "No, no, Simon. I am sleepy."

"But my dear, you were in bed by eleven." Simon was ignorant of the fact that Marie had gone dancing with one of her tennis partners.

"I could not sleep — insomnia," Marie excused herself.

Simon's orange juice was brought in. Peter took their order. Each time Peter approached their table, Marie began more and more to sense that she either knew or had met Peter before! It disturbed her.

Marie and old Simon finished breakfast. As Marie was getting up from the table, she caught sight of Peter once more. She was taken by surprise, for Marie could see a small part of her stocking jutting from Peter's coat pocket! Her mind buzzed. She knew she had to talk to Peter. She purposely left her tennis racquet at the table. When she got to the foyer with Simon, she said, "Oh, my racquet I must get it."

Simon offered to get it, but she said, "No, I will get it, Simon." She walked back into the dining room. Peter had already picked up the racquet. He handed it to Marie.

"Oh, thank you," Marie said, nervously.

"You're welcome, madame," Peter answered.

She paused. She looked directly into Peter's eyes. "But you called me mademoiselle this morning."

"Yes, I did — but I thought the gentleman —"

"Oh," Marie laughed, "he is not my husband."

There was a pause. Peter knew that people were waiting for his service. "Well, enjoy your tennis match."

He started to go.

"One moment," Marie said.

Peter stopped. "Yes?"

"Well, I — hm, my stocking," Marie was nervous about mentioning her stocking! "My stocking in your pocket. I would know it anywhere. I have them specially made in Paris. My stocking in your pocket, monsieur!"

Peter looked directly into her eyes. "Yes, in my pocket." Peter said, "Shall I be given the other stocking?"

Marie was equally as bold now. "You shall have it. I am Marie Cosart. Call my room later this evening. And possibly you will take me for a ride on your motorcycle racket after I finish with my tennis racquet."

They laughed at her little play on words.

Simon called from the doorway, "Marie, your tennis people — they are waiting."

Marie waved to Simon. Then under her breath she said to Peter, "Call me later, after eleven, please, please!"

"We have a motorcycle race tonight. On the edge of the cliff!" Peter said.

"The cliff?" Marie reflected with some hint of terror.

"Yes. Riding on the edge of the cliff!"

"I will go with you." Marie headed for the afternoon of tennis, delaying her dangerous future. Peter watched Marie walk away from him. He put his hand in his pocket, gripped the stocking tightly, and said, "Bitch!"

Marie was gay at dinner. Of course, Peter waited on their table. Simon was pleased to see Marie so bright and smiling. He thought it was all because of him. Towards the middle of the evening, Marie and Simon played cards with an elderly couple. At eleven o'clock, Simon yawned, and took Marie by the hand. "Come. Bed-time."

When they reached Marie's room, Simon kissed her awkwardly, and said, "Ah, Marie, it has been a truly beautiful evening. Thank you."

Marie nodded and said, "Good night, Simon." She closed the door to her room. Simon went to his room, and within fifteen minutes, he fell fast asleep.

Marie, after she had closed the door on Simon, gleefully danced around the room. She was keyed up, excited! She was full of adventure, and could not wait for the motorcycle race on the cliff. Never did she suspect that danger was hovering round her. Not even when she looked in the mirror could

(Continued on Page 68).

Gloria Rand
Park Avenue
Society Girl
In Luxury
Stockings...





High above the big city, in her penthouse apartment, Gloria gives us a peek at her fabulous calf-hugging silk stockings. Gloria has her stockings custom made in France. "I've always worn stockings made just for me," she told us. "I love to feel my stockings along my entire leg, as tight as a glove." Fortunately, our heiress-to-be can afford the best!





*On her terrace Gloria's
Stockings blend with the skyline*



Gloria is the brightest hit in her country club set — some of the richest men in the world have pursued her. In her travels, as a “jet-setter,” Gloria has her wardrobe of sexy stockings always on hand — always ready!





Wilma Evens

A Stocking

Style-Setter

With A Passion

For Lace And

Leather To Boot!





"Lace and leather are go-togethers," says Wilma Evans. "I adore the contrast of lovely feminine lace and strong, bold leather." Along with her passion for lace and leather, Wilma admits that stockings are really the most important part of any woman's wardrobe. Wilma's preference is for filmy nylons in dark, sensuous tones.



Wilma works in a very exclusive salon in Atlanta, Georgia, and here we see her in one of the private dressing rooms with some of the shop's glamorous merchandise.





Part of Wilma's job is to model stockings, hosiery, lace under-garments and high heel shoes for clientele. Often men come to the chic boutique to find things for their girl friends and or their wives. Some pretty interesting events have taken place during our model's working hours. A few men have been so entranced by Wilma's shapely sheathed legs that they have proposed everything from a dinner date to marriage.





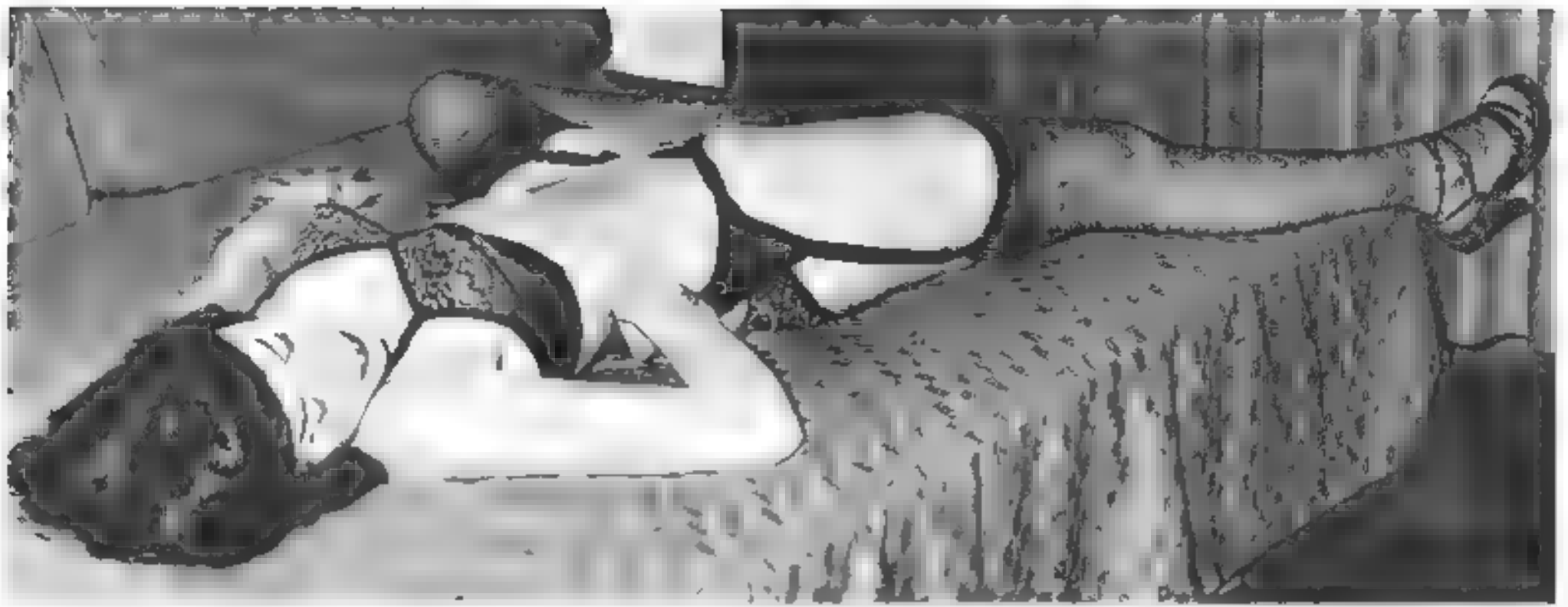
From any angle — in any position, it's obvious that Wilma knows how to get the most out of her sheer delights! Her stockings are always taut, from thigh to tiny toe!





JOSEL...

**A Fabulous
Belly Dancer
Who Started
A Stocking
Revolution**



Josel got a pair of textured stockings way back in 1958 — before they were on the market — a traveling salesman, passing through her hometown in Oklahoma, gave them to her. When Josel walked down the main street, the men went absolutely wild!

Yes, Josel started a stocking revolution and people for miles around have never forgotten it. What did she do? How did it begin? Well, to hear Josel tell it, it wasn't anything — AND in the light of today's many stocking fashions it might not seem much to us — Josel was the first person in her part of the country to wear textured stockings!



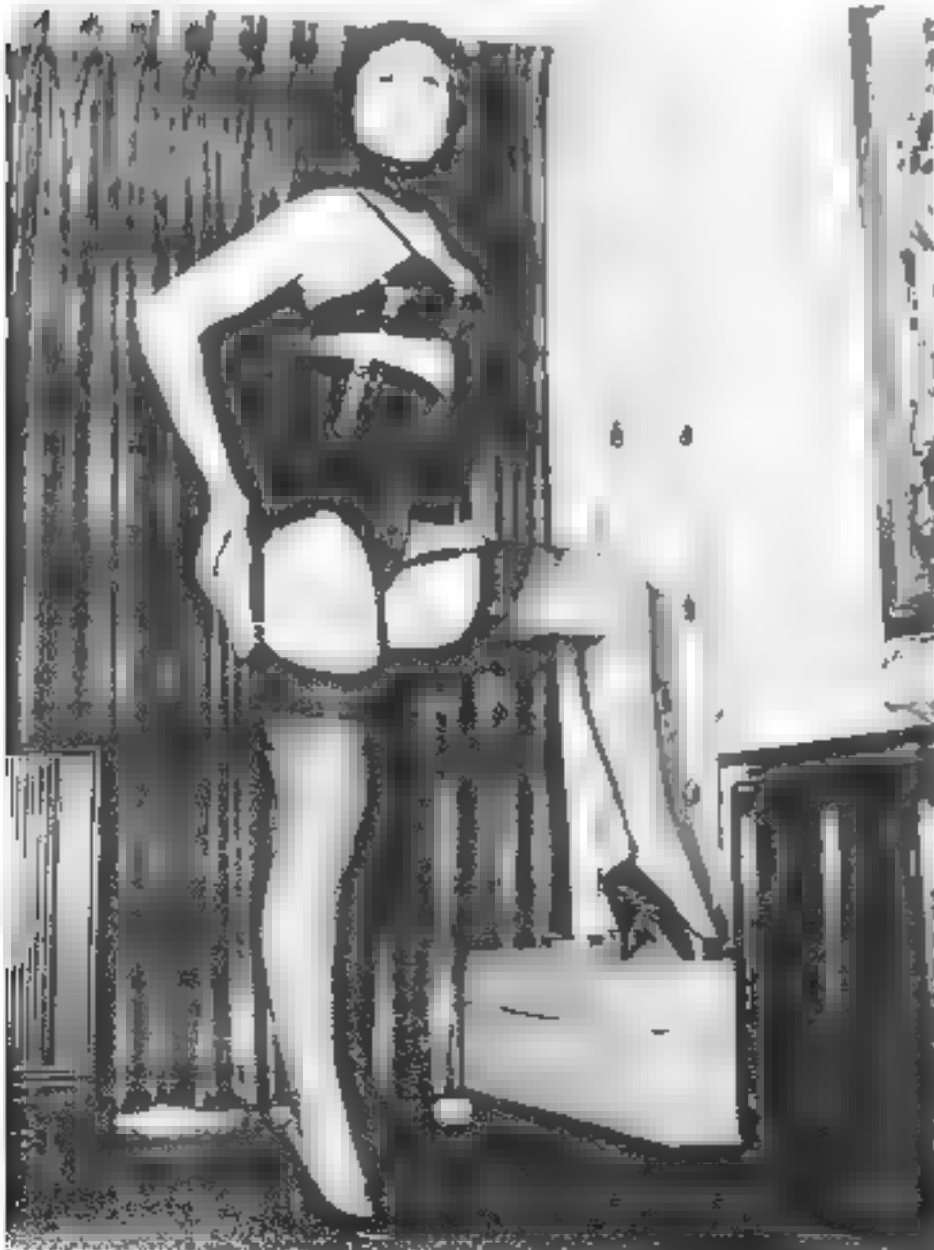


Josel loves to wear leather on stage and off. Here we see her in one of her famous belly dancer poses — all decked out in shimmering leather, and tightly drawn silk stockings.





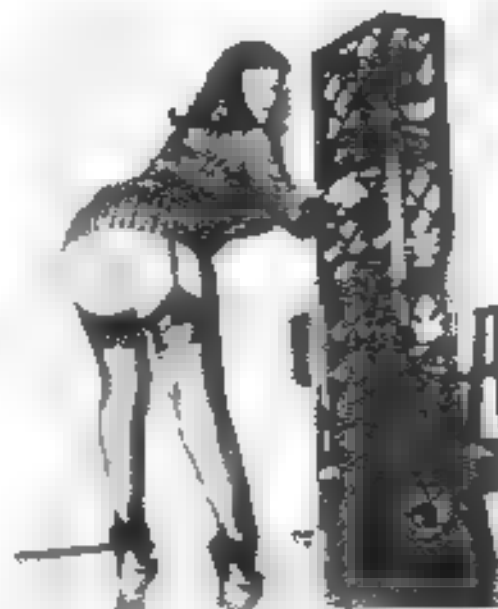
Joel first began to dance when she was barely a teenager. She had discovered that her body could move in any direction at her command. Her stomach muscles were developed to such a point, that she could revolve her belly in throbbing time to the wildest music.







The first time Josel went to an audition, she wore silk stockings. Now who thinks that a belly dancer has to worry about stockings? The director of the show had a special passion for silk stockings, and he hired Josel immediately.



JOSEL...





After her first appearance in the mid-west, Josel went on to the bright lights of New York, Hollywood, Television and some torrid scenes in movies. "But, wherever I go," Josel told us, "I never forget the important part that stockings played in helping me get a start. That's why I have the filmiest, sheerest, eye-catchingest stocking wardrobe in the belly-dancing business. I'd never go on stage without them!"



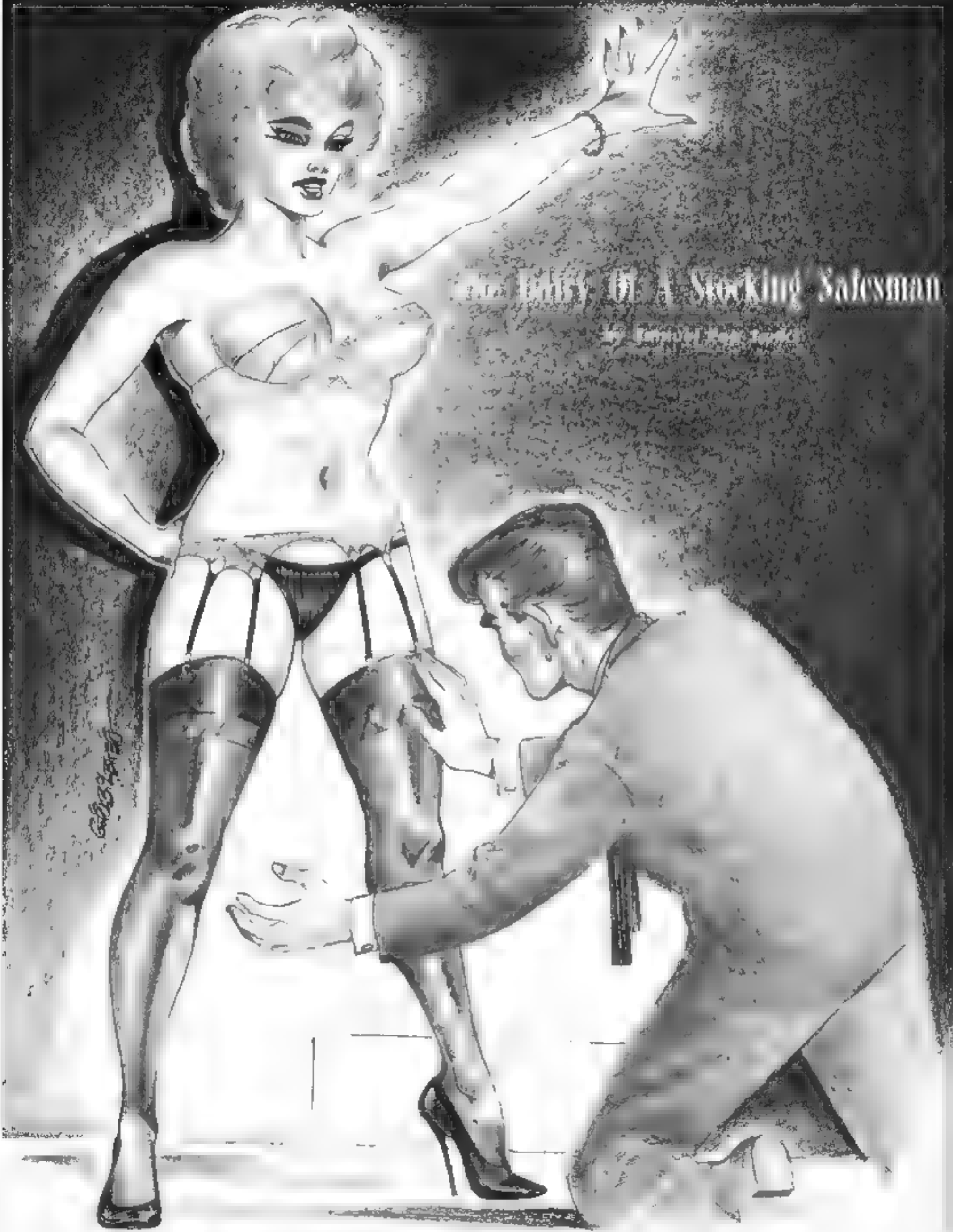




THE LIFE OF A Stocking Salesman

by [illegible]

© 1993 [illegible]



Editor's Note: In our first issue of STOCKING PARADE, we had the great pleasure of publishing — for the first time anywhere! — excerpts from the rare diary of Samuel "Pop" Jenks, stocking salesman. Response has been so great from avid readers, that we now present two more entries from "Pop" Jenks' extraordinary and illuminating diary. This is a STOCKING PARADE exclusive!

THE TIME I STOLE MY OWN STOCKING SAMPLES

Oct. 30, Halloween: The frost is on the pumpkin, and dear diary, I feel like the devil! Here I sit in Chicago, ready for business tomorrow. Have appointments in the big department stores. My trusty sample-case of stocking bulges with goodies.

My business is selling stockings. Female stockings, wonderful, beautiful, stockings — as tender as butterfly wings. Am thinking of all the gorgeous gams that are going to fill those stockings.

So that's for tomorrow Halloween tonight. Goblins coming out tonight. Thought I'd have some fun, though I'm terribly lonely. I opened my sample-case. Rummaged through the lot of stockings. Soft white, lemon chiffon, misty blue, dangerous pink, voodoo black, desert sand, exotic grey — a rainbow of colors. Selected a gorgeous pair of midnight black stockings. God, what excitement those pieces have, like Arabian veils. Smooth to the touch, arouses me to joy!

I stood before the dresser mirror in my hotel room, and slipped the leg opening of the stocking over my head. The gentle touch of the stocking made me feel as if I'd melt with passion. Looked into the mirror. Near to hell scared myself to death. The stocking fitted tightly over my head, pressed my nose in, and made me look like a monster.

Words of wisdom: Female stocking on male head feels good, looks like hell!

Oct. 31: Up bright and early. Lots of work ahead. My trusty-sample-case was neatly packed. Had a good, healthy breakfast to give me vigor!

Went to department stores. Met buying staffs. They took huge orders for my lovely stocking. Met sales people. Dashed over stocking counter! Counter had my complete line of stockings. Talked with charming salesgirl in one of the stores, near the end of the day. I asked her what she thought about my stockings.

"Oh, Mr. Jenks, your stockings are just every girls' favorite dream. Let me show you," the salesgirl cooed.

She invited me behind the counter. It was near closing time, and she had tallied up her daily cash register receipts, so she had time to spare. I put down my sample-case, and got behind the counter. The salesgirl held up her sturdy leg, elegantly shaped and alluringly contoured. She wasn't wearing stockings! Horrors!

"But my dear salesgirl," I exploded, "you aren't wearing stockings." I admonished her roundly, shaking my finger at her as if she were a naughty girl.

"Yes, I know I'm not wearing stockings. I always hold my bare leg up to customers to show how much a leg needs stockings," she explained.

"Ah, but you deprive them of the happiness of seeing your glamorous gams radiant with stockings on," I reminded her.

"I sell the most stockings here anyway," she chided me. She had full bulging bosoms.

It was closing time. Bells rang. People started rushing out as if it were the Kentucky Derby, and they all wanted to win the race. The salesgirl began to scurry.

"You must let me show you the art of wearing stockings," I pleaded with her.

She stood still a second, smiled and said, "Well — come home with me, then, and show me there."

Ah, dear diary, my night's adventure began. The salesgirl took my hand and pulked me out of the store. "My name's Sylvia," she announced to me as we pushed our way through the crowd of people. Elbows dug into my ribs, purses banged my behind, ooh, sharp high-heels landed on my feet.

We boarded a State Street bus, and got off at Rush Street. I looked up at the street-sign. "Rush Street," I murmured, "and how!"

We arrived at her apartment.

"I live alone, Mr. Jenks," Sylvia calmly assured me.

"Ah," I said. I don't know why I said 'ah'. I should have said, 'good'. I rubbed my hands together — like a witch over a bubbling pot.

After we had a neat repast of spaghetti and Chianti wine, the dear salesgirl, Sylvia, said, "Now Mr. Jenks, show me the art of wearing female stockings." She zipped off her clothes, exposing the rare pleasure of giving my eyes the benefit of her black lace panties with just enough see-through so I could see her birthmark!

I automatically reached for my trusty sample-case of stockings, but, EGAD!, it wasn't there! "Where's my sample-case," I cried out.

"Your what?" Sylvia asked.

"My sample-case, my sample-case, damn it!" I was very angry.

"I don't know what you mean. I didn't steal anything of yours, if that's what you mean!" Sylvia said, a little miffed. She stood before me in panty, bra and high-heels.

I growled! "I have a suitcase — a sample-case filled with the newest in female fashions for the legs. By that, I mean stockings!" I barked like a mad dog.

"Maybe you left it on the bus," she said.

I quickly got the telephone number of the Lost-Found Department of the transit company. "Hello, hello!" I barked into the telephone. "My name is Samuel 'Pop' Jenks. Do you have my stockings on your hands?"

The guy on the other end yelled, "Wha? You some kinda nut or something?" He slammed the phone down. He hung up on me.

"They don't have it," I meekly said.

"Maybe you left your case at the store."

'Say, you're right,' I said, snapping my fingers by the stocking counter. "Come on!"

Sylvia stopped me. "Where we going?"

"To the store!"

"But it's closed. Wait 'til tomorrow."

"When does the store open?"

"Nine forty five," she said. "Promptly."

"But I gotta catch an eight o'clock train. Got to be in St. Louis by 2 o'clock! Important business appointment. Come on. Got to get my sample-case tonight!"

So there I was, lost without my trusty sample-case of dandy stockings. Then I made a great decision. "Come on, we gotta steal 'em from the store!"

I pulled Sylvia out of the apartment, and jumped into a cab. She kept screaming, "I ain't got any clothes on, I ain't got any clothes on!"

We pulled up to the store. I eased the joint. People walked up and down the street, admiring Sylvia.

"Now, how's the best way to get into this confounded store?" I asked Sylvia.

"Well, not on the State Street side, that's for sure. These people will notice us, particularly if we have to break the door down. Beside, I ain't got any clothes on!" Sylvia was discontent. "Besides, all the door have alarms. But to the side there's a freight entrance."

She took me to the side street. I

(Continued on Page 69)

SILK STOCKING STARS

by ENEG

SYNOPSIS: BRENDA, A SILK STOCKING CONTENDER IS KIDNAPPED BY DAGNA, ANOTHER CONTESTANT WHO IS AFRAID SHE WILL LOOSE IF BRENDA IS TO COMPETE---OUR STORY OPENS, FINDING HER BOUND UP IN THE REAR OF A STATION WAGON AND BEING TAKEN TO ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY---



AT DAGNA'S APT.

SHE'S WEARING THE SPECIAL STOCKINGS MADE FOR HER IN FRANCE... GOOD!



WITH MY LEGS AND THESE STOCKINGS I'M A CINCH TO WIN TONIGHT!!



CONTINUED ---



STOCKINGS
OUTDOOR
with

Bettie Blue



EVERYBODY IN THE POOL!
 Let's get into the swim with
 our Stockings Outdoors model.
 Bettie Blue lives on an estate
 in Long Island — and the pool
 belongs to her!



With her s-t-r-e-t-c-h
 sheer-as-gossamer nylons
 tightly drawn on her luscious
 legs, our lovely Bettie is
 A—OK!



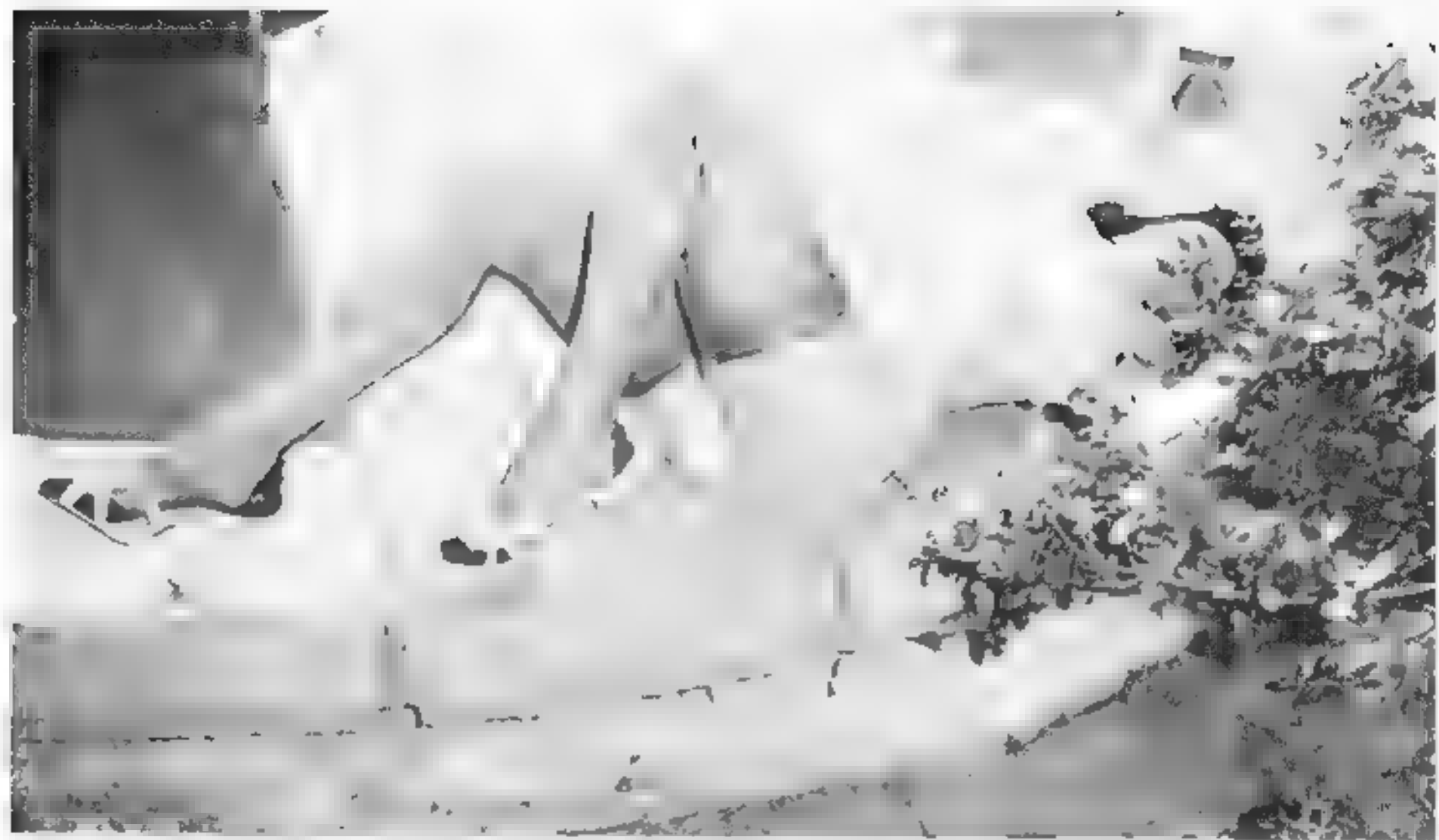
Bettie is a sheer delight
 anywhere, but our photo-
 grapher was very happy
 when she agreed to let
 him take these photos
 out-of-doors.

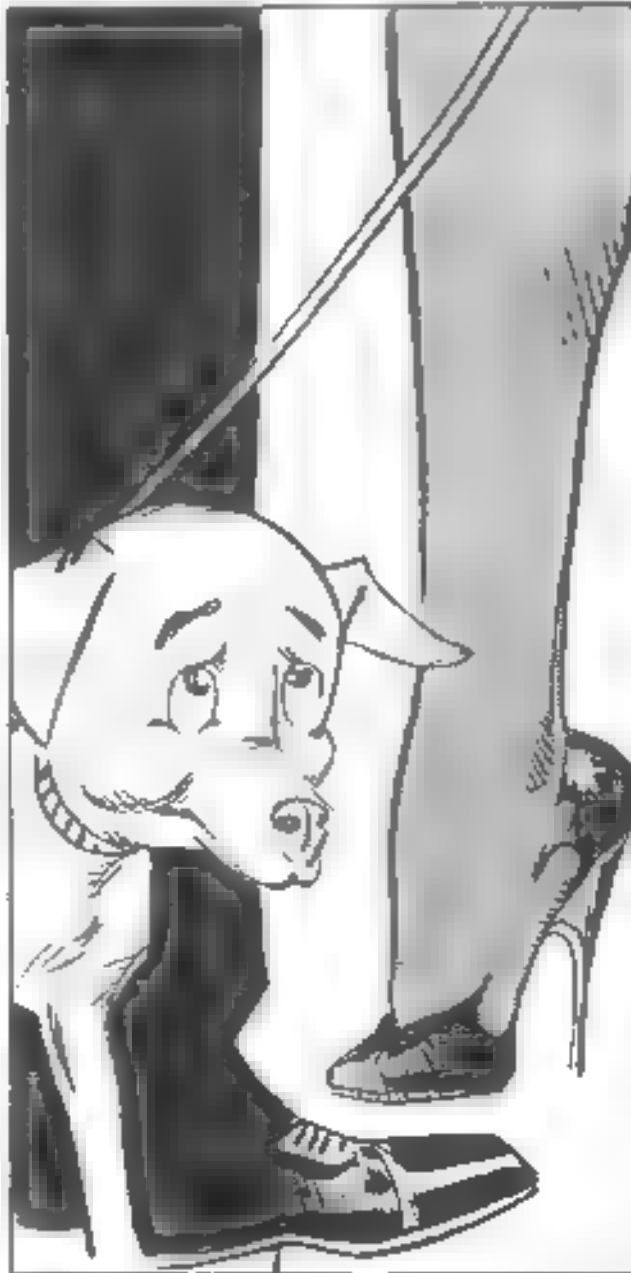
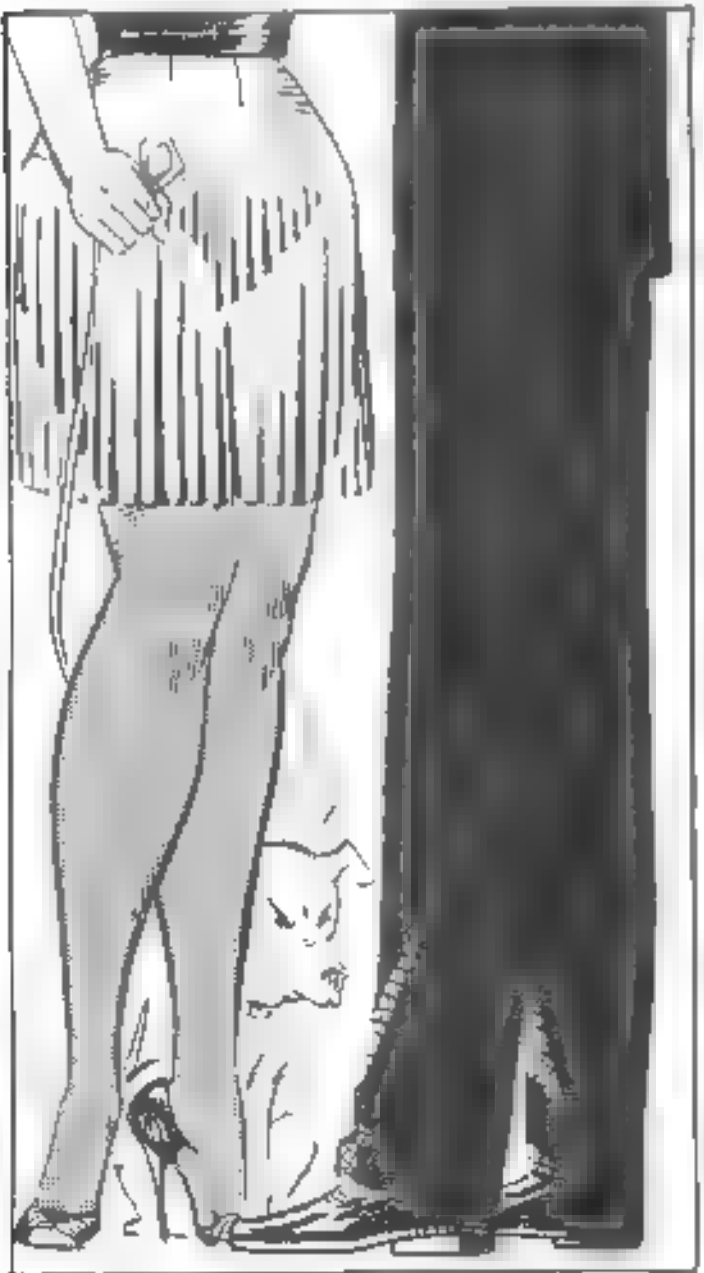
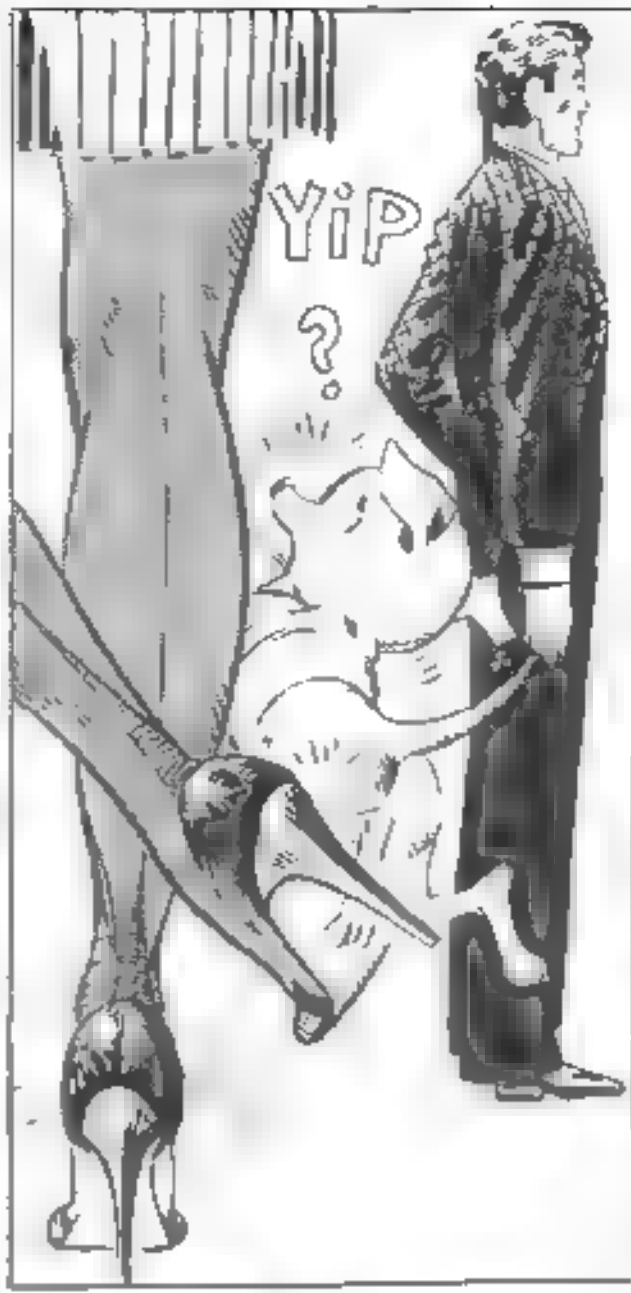
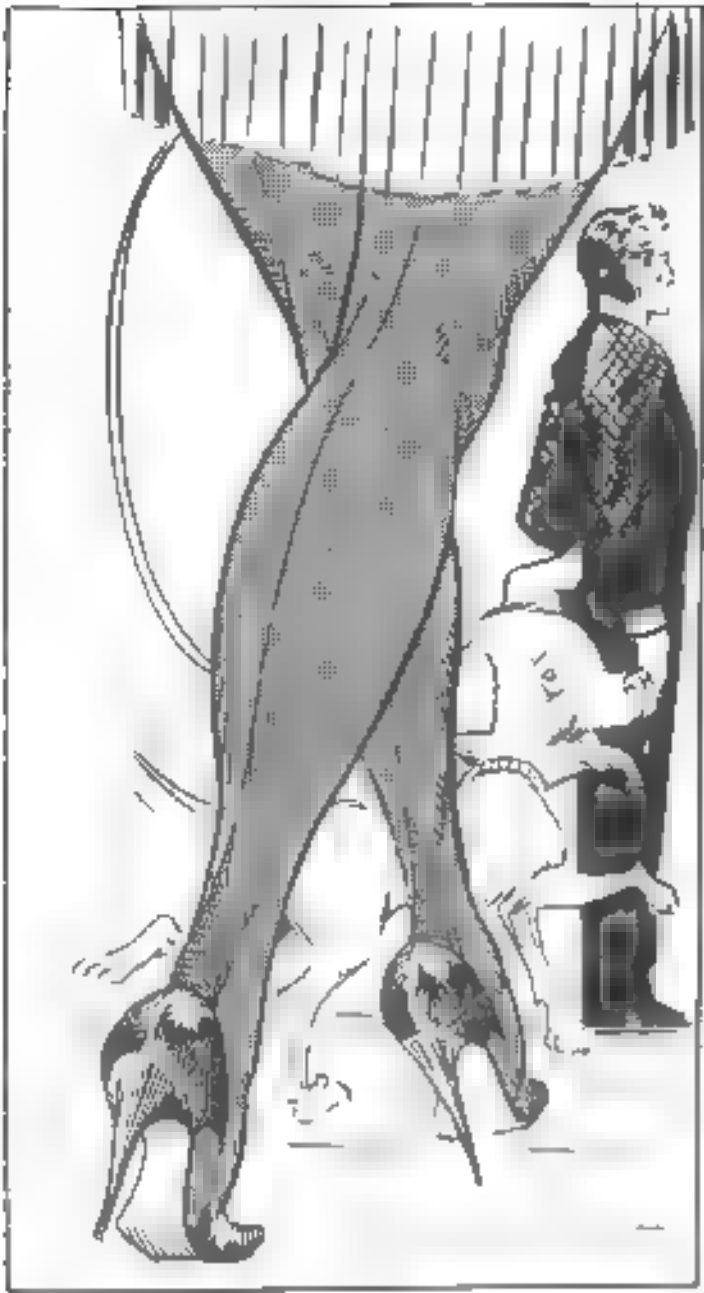




Bettie thinks of her sheer stockings as her "other skin." She loves them to fit like glue on a postage stamp. So close and clinging, that they practically feel as though they're being peeled off! Bettie's favorite stockings come in medium to dark shades — AND our outdoor beauty is just wild for seams! She believes that a straight seam sends a man's eyes up her lovely legs for a complete, curvy view.







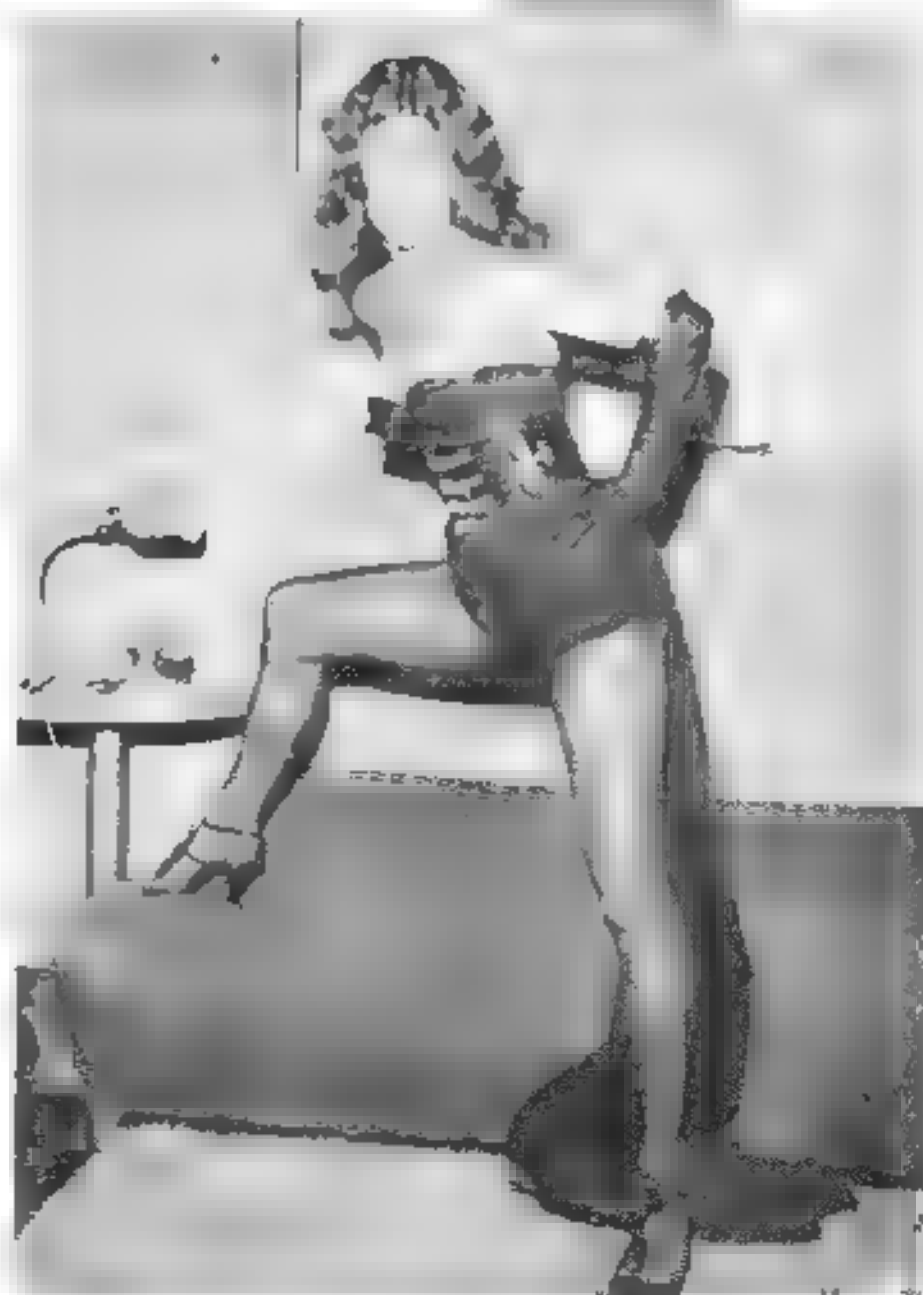
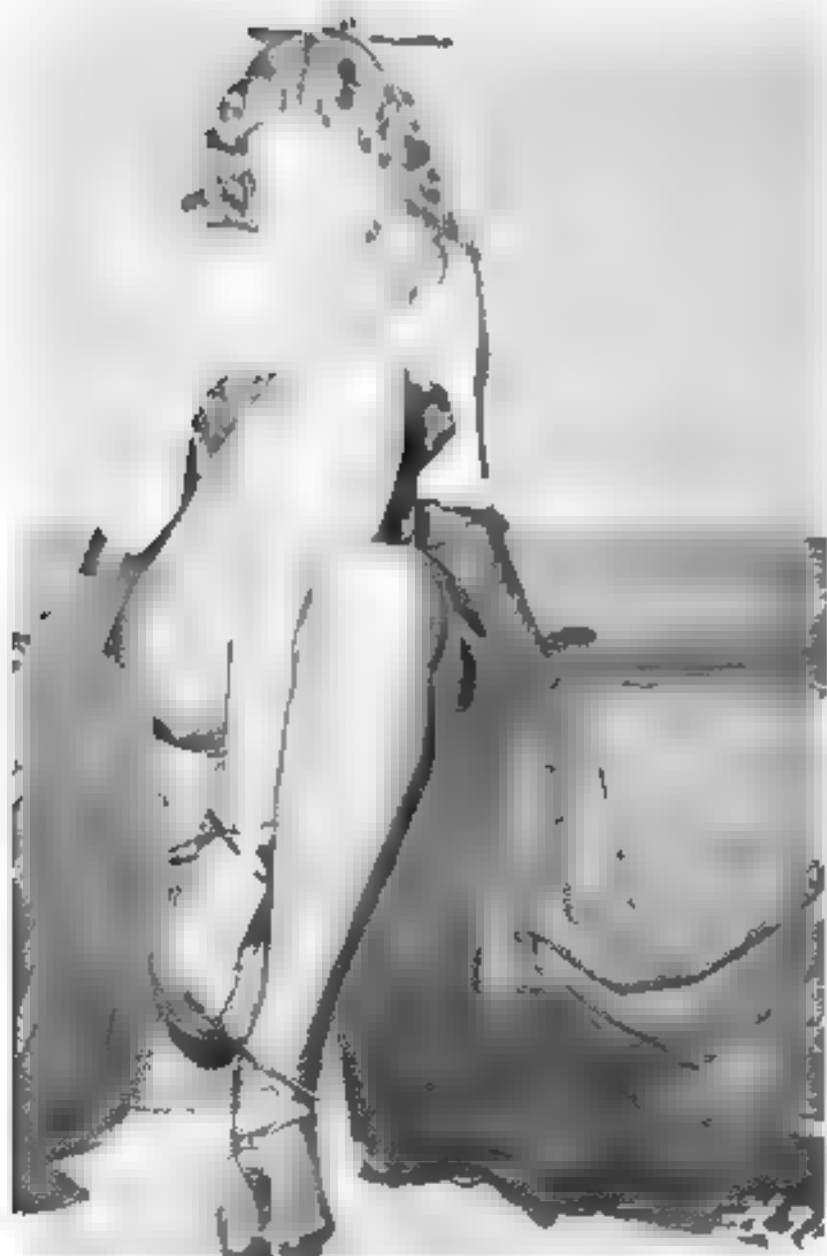


**Lauren
Arvelle . . .**

Stockings

A La

Hollywood



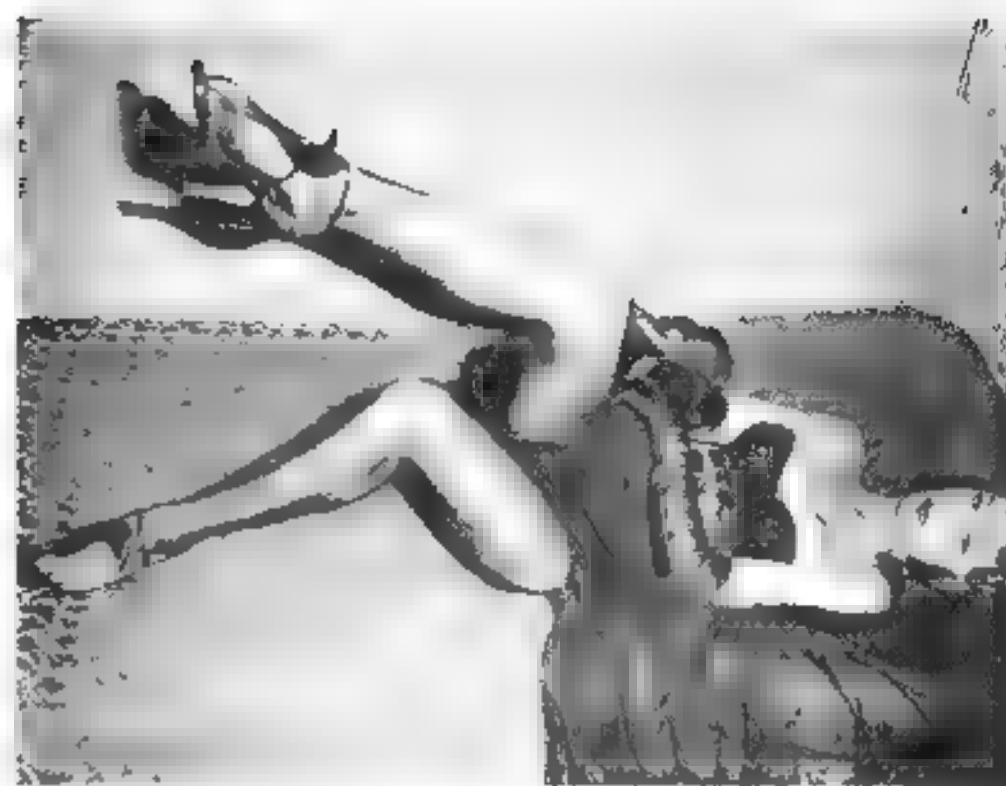


The film capital of the world becomes the filmy capital of the stocking set with Lauren.



Lauren is an up-and-rising Hollywood beauty— Notice the touch of Marilyn Monroe and Rita Hayworth beauty? Lauren has the glamour of the “big ones” — plus a distinct personality and loveliness of her own. Lauren knows how to put the most in, and get the most out of a pair of diaphanous stockings, too! With her shiny, satin garter belt in place, her stockings cling to her legs with every graceful movement of her body.





Lauren hails from the wilds of Wyoming. She came to Hollywood several years ago after a talent scout discovered her in an exclusive women's shop modeling silk stockings. With major TV shows to her credit, and a newly signed movie contract, Lauren is in the big-time!



**Lauren
Arvelle . . .**



**STOCKINGS
ABROAD...**

**Across the
Atlantic
To The Most
Glamorous
Stocking
Queens In
ENGLAND**





Mavis

ENGLISH GIRLS KEEP IN STEP WITH STOCKING FASHIONS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD



Lola



Tina



MARIENE is a British artist who turned model. Every time she went to art class, the others asked her to pose — they liked her stocking's legs particularly.



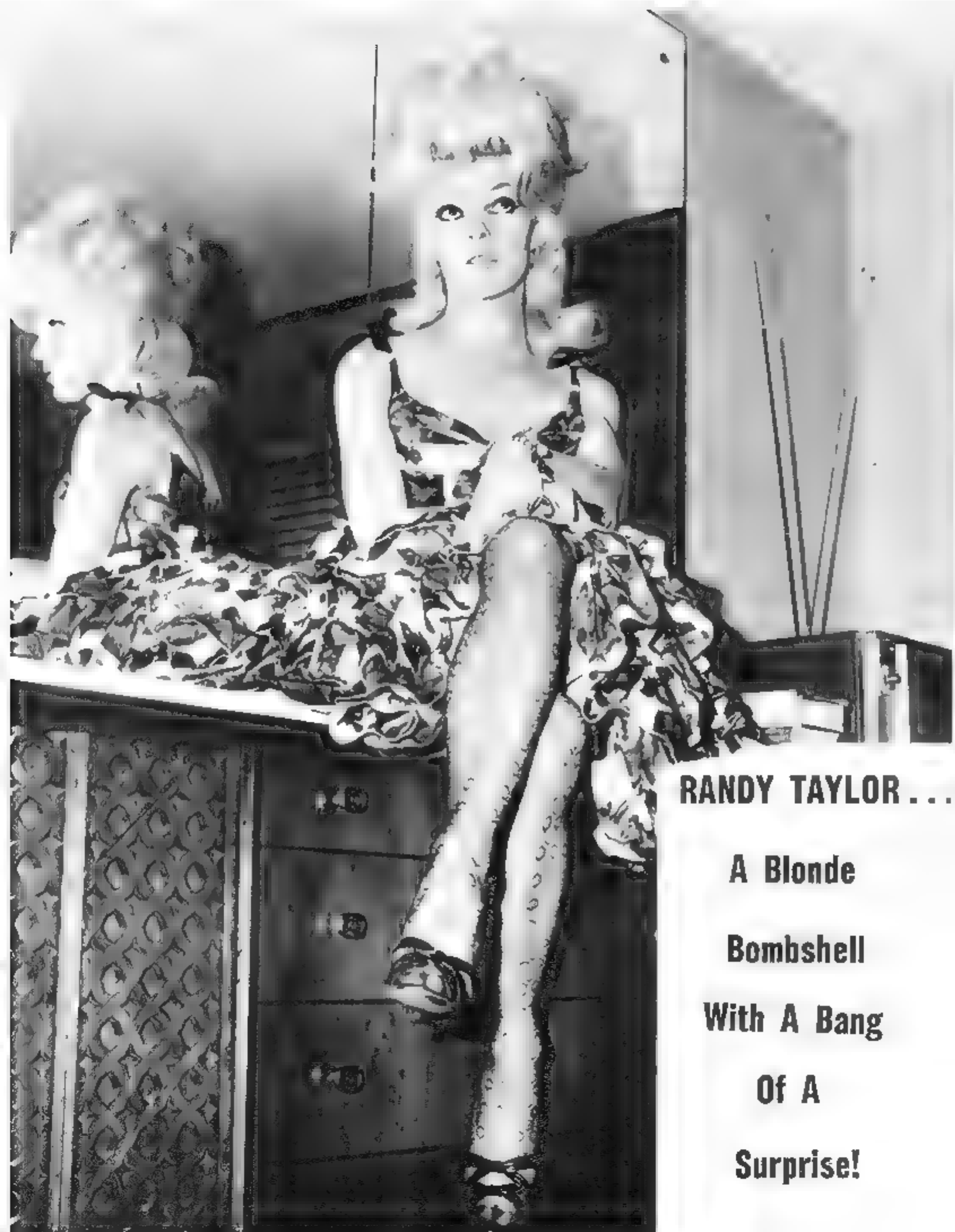
MAUDE & MARY live together in London. A perfect combination, too — because Mary is a photographer, and the glamorous Maude is a high-heel shoe and stocking model.



CORRINE is one of London's top show girls . . . here we get some wonderful views of her show stopping gams — sheathed, naturally in tight-as-tight — sheer-as-sheer can be nylon stockings. Corrine is coming to Las Vegas soon!







RANDY TAYLOR...

**A Blonde
Bombshell
With A Bang
Of A
Surprise!**

CAN YOU GUESS THE SURPRISE? No Randy's hair isn't bleached? Not a wig, either! Does it have something to do with the curvy body? The curvaceous legs? The lovely textured stockings? Give up? O.K. The lovely Randy is a MAN . . . a professional female mimic who appears in the smartest clubs and top shows all over the world!



THE

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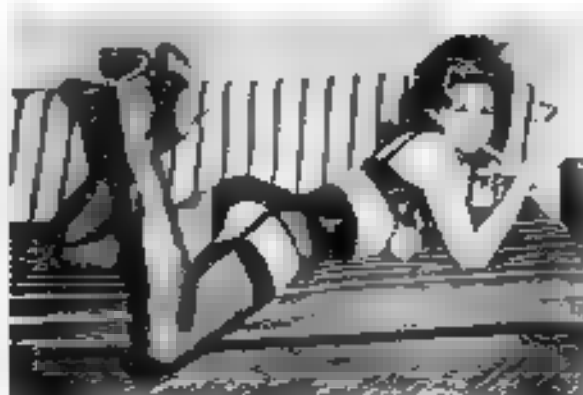
PARADE







The Stocking Parade







THE STOCKING PARADE

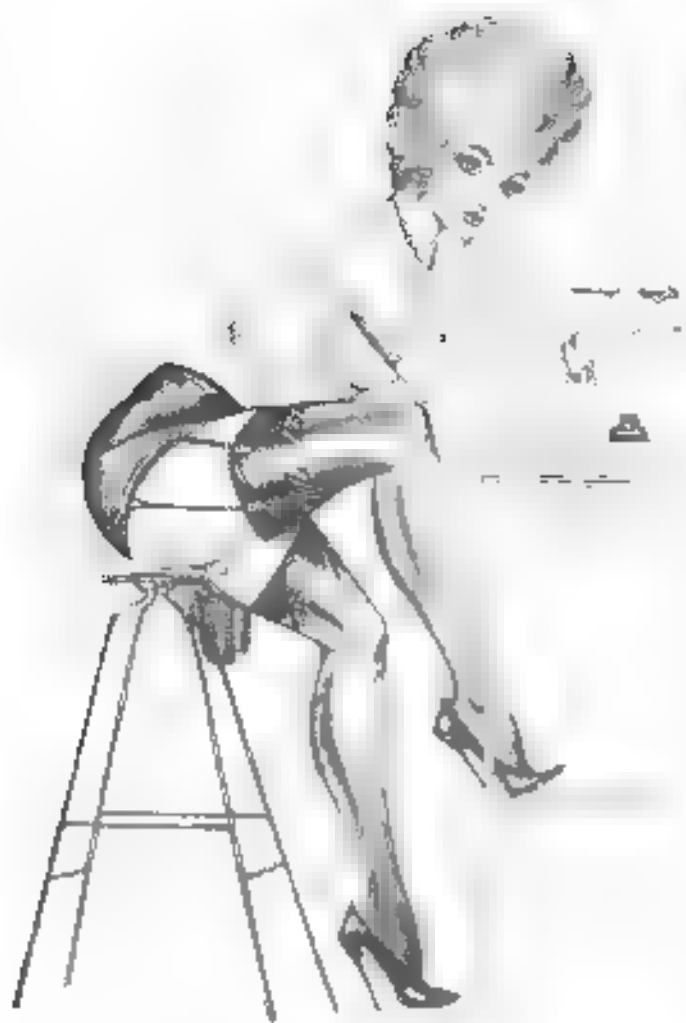




THE STOCKING PARADE

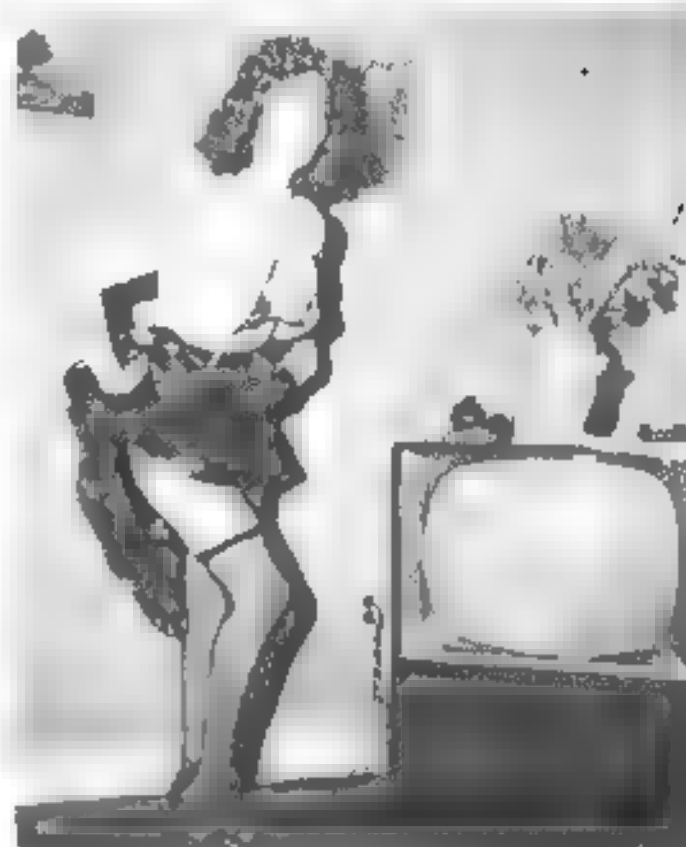


Letters To The Editor



We, the editors of *The Stocking Parade*, were thrilled by the many, many letters which came after our first issue. Sorry we can't print them all, but to all a hearty thank you. We hope you'll be writing again.

EDITOR



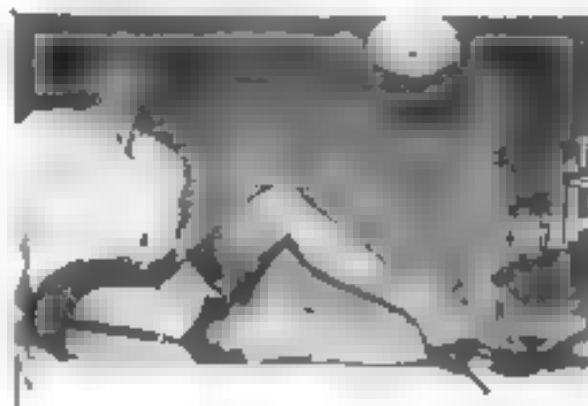
Dear Sirs,

You're tops! What a great magazine you've got in *Stocking Parade*! My wife and I both loved it, and are waiting for your second issue. My wife has a beautiful pair of legs, and wears her stockings just perfect. I took this picture of her when we were in a row boat on a picnic.

Sincerely,

A. W.

Toronto, Canada



Dear Editor

I wish you much success in future issues of *Stocking Parade*. The first one was just marvelous. My roommate took this photo of me when I was relaxing — maybe you can use it in your next issue. Best of luck from a faithful reader.

Miss P. G.

Los Angeles, California

Mrs. W. B.

Dear Sirs,

I just finished reading the issue of *The Stocking Parade* and wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed it. Really terrific!

I think legs and sheer nylons are a woman's greatest asset. When I was 19 I won a beautiful legs contest. Even today 15 years later I receive many compliments about my legs. I'm sending you a picture of me so you can see too. How do you like the sheer stockings?

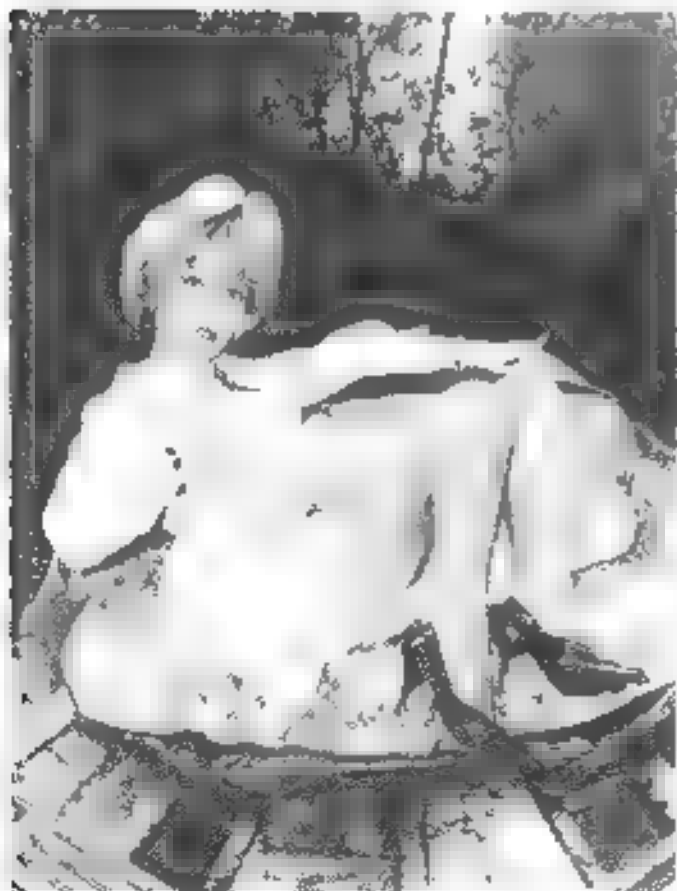
Again, many thanks for a wonderful new magazine. Looking forward to your next issue.

Sincerely,

Mrs. W. B.

New York City

(We vote "Yes" in favor of Mrs. W. B. winning another contest even though 15 years have passed —Ed)





W N's wife

Dear Sirs

I think your magazine is the greatest! I can't wait until your next issue comes out. If you can, would you publish a picture from the film SATAN IN HIGH HEELS in your next issue. There are some real good shots of legs and stockings in that film.

Thank You
A W

Dear Sirs

Your Stocking Parade magazine has everything I like in it — girls, legs, stockings and stories. My girl friend has a tremendous wardrobe of sheer, sheer stockings. To prove it here's a picture I took of her.

By the way, she read your magazine too and really enjoyed it.

Mr W N
New York City

(Your girl friend is a stocking knockout. We'd love to see the rest of her stocking wardrobe —Ed.)



(Here's a scene from the Vega Productions' film SATAN IN HIGH HEELS. Hope you enjoy it! —Ed.)

Ed.)

My husband and I were just thrilled with your magazine. A job well done. My husband has always noticed legs and stockings on a woman first. He thinks they are a woman's best feature. I tend to agree. He suggested I send you this picture.

We look forward eagerly to your next issue.

Sincerely yours

Mrs J R
Riverside, N Y

(We think legs and stockings are the greatest, too. That's why we're devoting a full magazine to the subject —Ed.)



Dear Stocking Parade,

Congratulations on your premiere issue. I enjoyed it thoroughly — especially the photos of girls outdoors with stockings and high heels. That would be the living end.

Best Wishes,

B W F

Louisville, Kentucky

How's this one? —Ed



DANGER, AND THE VIRGIN

(Continued from Page 16)

she see the phantom of danger hovering nearby

The telephone rang. She leaped for it. "Peter, Peter, is that you?"

"Mademoiselle Cossart?" It was a strange voice. She could not recognize the voice.

"Yes, yes. Is this Peter?"

"Yes — Marie!"

"Oh, Peter; you frighten me. You sound so — so — very, how should I say — so very evil." Marie laughed, nervously.

"Where shall I meet you?" the voice asked.

Again the tone frightened Marie. "By the stable," she said.

"Yes." Then she rang off. Now the sense of danger was making itself known to her. She promised to give Peter her other stocking! She got it out of the dresser. She held it in her hands, and some terror gripped her, made her blood run cold, and made her skin crawl with goose flesh. "Oh, God!" She quickly put the stocking in her purse, and rushed out of the room, headlong into the night's dark danger!

She ran down the gravel walk, towards the stable. The moon hung full, casting eerie shadows. The trees became goblins, bushes became witches. But something drove her on into the night, and that something was her physical, wicked body. Her body was becoming like an animal, quick, lithe, desirable!

She came near to the stable. She saw a tiny red light. She smelled cigarette smoke. "Peter?" she whispered.

"Marie," Peter's voice circled out into the blackness like smoke, clutching at her. They fell into each other's arms. Their bodies became as one, briefly. Their lips locked in a kiss. Peter's hands explored the boundaries of Marie's body. She sighed with delight, "Ah, Peter."

"Did you bring your other stocking?"

The suddenness of the question stopped her. "Why, yes."

"Give it to me."

"Not yet!"

Peter was not annoyed or disturbed. He put his arm firmly around Marie's waist, and, led her down another gravel path. They walked for about a mile on the path, off into a small roadway. "This is my little house." Peter took Marie's hand and led her to the door. He opened the door, and turned on a soft light. "We must hurry. The race begins at midnight!"

he said. Peter looked at Marie. "You are not dressed properly. I'll give you some clothes. We have rough riding ahead of us. Can you take it?" Peter's voice was quieter now, but more commanding?

"Yes, I would not have come otherwise." She began to take her dress off. She stood in her brassiere, garter belt — but no stockings! "Shall I put on stockings?"

"No," Peter called from the closet. "Not yet."

Peter came back into the room. He stopped. The soft light made a halo around Marie. Peter fed his eyes on her bedevilled body! He squeezed his hand over her breasts, scratching on the thin fiber of her brassiere. He put his hands on her shoulders, ran his fingers gently round the satin bordered edge of her black brassiere. He touched her soft skin, and outlined her whole body with his hands. He grappled with the garter belt, and let it drop to the floor.

"Do you have the stocking now?"

"No, Peter, not yet!" she said, commandingly!

"Later," Peter said from the growling depths of his throat! He picked up leather leggings, and a leather jacket. "Put these on."

"How beautiful," Marie murmured, and clutched the supple hide to her skin. Then she placed her legs into the fragrant leather. She zipped them up. The leather clung tightly to her body. She put on the form-fitting jacket.

"Let me zip it up." Peter grasped the zipper and slowly enclosed Marie's breasts in the leather jacket. He ran his hands once more over her voluptuous body covered in leather.

While Marie was getting dressed, neither she nor Peter heard the ghostly footsteps on the path. There, shadowed by moonlight, was Irene, Peter's mistress! Irene watched the whole scene with great jealousy. The tears came to her eyes. She herself was dressed in her motorcycle outfit. Her leather outfit gleamed in the small white light of the moon. She turned from the window, and ran down the roadway, anxious to mount her motorcycle. She rammed down on the starter. The motorcycle cracked the air with a resounding roar.

Back in the house, Peter and Marie heard the sound. "Come. We must hurry. The race." Then he stopped short. "But you are barefoot!"

Peter plunged into his closet, and returned with black boots with long, sensual 5-inch high-heel. "Put these on!" He tossed them on the floor. Marie sat down. Her body arched

within the leather, giving in to every ripple of the hide. Peter, in great ecstasy, fell to his knees, and gently, anxiously, placed each boot on her feet. He laced them with great care. "You look absolutely beautiful in them, Marie." Peter encircled his hands round the black leather boots. Finally, he held each strong heel in his hands! He placed his head next to them, and sought a kiss. The heels were hard, long, black. The cold soothed his lips.

"Now, the race!" He took Marie's arm, and led her out of the house. "The stocking! Do you have the stocking?" Marie assured him she had the stocking! "Give it to me!" She did. "My good luck!"

They mounted his motorcycle. The headlights hit the pathway, and then he stepped on the starter. The noise of danger filled the night, and the headlight cut across the blackness in front of them!

Within 5 minutes, they reached the cliff. The whole cliff was spotted with hard eyes of the lights of the motorcyclists. Motors revved, coughed, cracked loud in the valley.

Irene was off to one side. Peter did not see her yet. He knew she would be there. When he did spy her, he slowly walked over to her. Marie, blinded by all the lights, and the adventure, did not see him go.

"Who is she," Irene asked. "Who's the dame!"

"Marie Cossart. From the hotel. She wanted to see the races."

"Real knockers."

"Don't be jealous," Peter said, and winced, because Irene was digging her nails into his hand.

"Jealous? Rats!" Irene snorted. She saw a bit of Marie's stocking hanging from his pants pocket! She smiled bitterly. Just then, one of the referees of the race called out with a megaphone that the race would start. Peter's name was called. He was the first to race. He had to hurry.

Irene stopped him, "What's the stocking in your pants?" She grabbed it out of his pocket, and rushed back to her motorcycle. Peter couldn't see where she went. His name was called urgently again. He ran back to his motorcycle.

Marie noticed a strange frown on his brow. "Is there anything the matter? They call your name, Peter?"

Time rushed in on Peter. These races were strictly timed. He was confused. Irene had Marie's stocking! His good luck — would it hold out tonight high up there, on the edge of the cliff? He pulled himself together, looked sadly at Marie, and said, "We

go first."

Marie did not have a chance to say a word. Peter leapt on the motorcycle. Marie mounted it, clasped her arms tightly around his waist, and trembled. Suddenly, the whole area was silent. The lights of the motorcycles made a path up the side of the hill — but there were no lights to guide the rider along the edge of the cliff — except the one headlight of his own motorcycle! In the horrible stillness, Peter revved his motorcycle, raced the motor, and then gave a loud yell! The motorcycle raced up the side of the hill. Huge tufts of grass and dirt spat from the hind wheel. Marie was gripped by absolute terror! She recognized DANGER at last!

The motorcycle reached the top of the hill. Then came the cliffside — a drop of 200 feet straight down! Peter steered the cycle along the edge. The motorcycle raced like the Devil! The headlight played along the edge of the cliff. He hit 40 miles per hour — 50, 60 — and with expert, steely nerves, he steered the motorcycle along the edge at this great speed. It was not a straight course. Speed was essential, for each racer was timed! The hind wheels slipped several times on the edge, causing Peter and Marie to lurch landwards!

Marie screamed! Peter's nerves became absolutely cold and ruthless. He knew that Irene, who had grabbed Marie's stocking away from him, was hoping for the worst! The wind whistled passed them. Marie's hair flowed behind. She felt that soon they both would plunge over the edge. Peter firmly held to the handlebars. At one point, Peter saw ahead that there was an empty void! They were racing towards it, and with swift courage, he all but made the motorcycle leap over the void. They both were shaken when the motorcycle bounced on the grassy tufts. The motorcycle sped as if it were mad at the world. But Peter rode the edge of the cliff safely. When they returned to the crowd of other cyclists, they were greeted with loud cheers.

Marie had difficulty calming down. Her blood was racing!

The moon hung high over head now — the witch's moon!

Irene's name was called. She was alone. She shot a quick look towards Peter. She laughed. Then came stillness. In the silence, Irene revved her motorcycle, and raced with a vengeance up the hill. The other motorcyclists directed their lights on her. Irene reached the edge of the cliff. *Around her neck, Irene had tied Marie's stocking, like a scarf!*

Irene raced along the edge carelessly. She laughed with tears in her eyes. The stocking flapped around her neck. She was hitting 70 miles per hour. The stocking suddenly blew up into her eyes! She lost control of the motorcycle. She tried to keep even with the edge. With one hand, she tried to pull the stocking away from her eyes. Then, with a loud scream, the motorcycle plunged over the cliff, hurtling Irene to the valley below!

There was silence!

Then someone said in a hushed voice, "She went over the edge!" Another person screamed. Peter mounted his motorcycle, and rushed along the bottom of the cliff. He found Irene's crushed body. He saw the stocking entangled around her neck. Slowly, he raised her head, and removed the wispy stocking from her face. He placed her body on the motorcycle, and returned to the crowd.

Another motorcyclist took the body away.

Peter could not speak. Marie's tiny, gossamer stocking was held tightly in his iron-band fist. Marie came over to him, and put her arm around him. "Let us go home, Peter," Marie said in a calm voice. Her eyes reflected full knowledge of danger!

Peter, after they reached his house, began to crumble. He sobbed mercilessly! Marie tried to console him. Finally, she hit him in the face! She hit him again and again. Peter fell to the floor in a heap, sobbing, and murmuring Irene's name. Marie felt restricted in her jacket, and took it off. Her round, delicate breasts were tantalizingly visible through her black brassiere. Her nipples all but quivered beneath the filmy brassiere. "Look at me!" Marie screamed. Peter didn't look at her. Marie removed her boots and leather leggings. She snatched the stocking from Peter's hand. He screamed, "No, no, it's mine! Bitch, bitch!"

Marie lightly laughed. She removed his boots, leggings and jacket. She freed Peter from his clothes with great difficulty. He sprawled naked before her, clutching at her gun-metal stocking, shining so brilliant in the soft light.

Marie put her garter belt on, and then put on the other stocking. She put on her black patent high-heels. "Darling, darling, look at me." She now spoke in a soft, consoling voice.

Peter looked at her. Slowly, she raised her high-heel and planted it gently on Peter's thigh. He gasped with arousing joy.

Marie slid her heel up Peter's bare skin, plowing lines of pleasure on his skin. Peter looked longingly at Marie and said, "I loved her, I loved Irene, you bitch!"

Marie knelt down beside Peter. She placed his hand on her garter, which held up her stocking. Peter gently toyed with the stretched garter. He fumbled for the garter itself, and undid it.

"Now, you have the other stocking," Marie said.

Peter slowly pulled the creamy-soft yarn down her leg and off her foot. "This is the way she died," he said, and placed the stocking over his face. Peter layed on the floor sometime before he noticed that Marie had gone. He opened his eyes, and saw the two stockings lying by his side. He picked them up, wound them round his arm. He got up off the floor, went into his bedroom. He opened the dresser, and lovingly placed the two precious gamine stockings along side a treasure of other sleek stockings. He had passed the test of danger with Marie. Marie was yet to be his! He fell asleep with the ripe image of Marie in his dreams — Marie, his virgin territory. He slept peacefully for the first time in many months. He was free to love as he had never known love before!

THE END

(Continued from Page 39)

dragged her along. There were some lights in the driveway at the rear of the store.

"Got to get my stocking samples." I was damn near crying.

We clung close to the wall so none of the freight-men or guards would see us. Guards have a habit of leaving one door open, and I found that easily enough. Sylvia and I slipped into the store on our hands and knees. She led the way. Her round buttocks swayed romantically in front of me, her panties had little fringes on them. I sort of got the feeling of how a dog feels — on the scent!

Oh, well. We got inside the main store, and stood up, brushing ourselves off. I helped her. We were in the dark. Very dark!!!

"We've got to be very careful," Sylvia whispered. She led the way. "I got a good sense of erection," she said. I think she meant direction. Maybe not! Just then I bumped into a counter and knocked over a rack of hot-water bottles. I think it was

hot-water bottles, or maybe falsies. Whatever it was, they bounced!

We finally reached the stocking counter. I could tell. Those tender butterfly wings hit me square in the face, and I gasped!

"We need some light," Sylvia said.

I lit my cigarette lighter. The small but good flame lighted enough area for me to locate my sample-case. We got down behind the counter. I bumped into the scantily dressed Sylvia. My hand landed on her thigh. "Naughty," she said, and slapped my hand, "mind your manners."

She found the sample-case.

"Bless you, dear salesgirl. Now I can show you the art of wearing stockings." I was pleased beyond telling!

She squealed. She picked up a beautiful pair of sable-colored stockings. The flame from the lighter drew out the exotic tan color of the yarn with a sunburst-radiance. "I wanna put 'em on."

She planted her ripe thigh in my lap. "Do me the honor," she begged. As I passed the stocking over her ankle, her foot suddenly came down with a shocking thud in my stomach. What delight, what joy, what —

A hand landed on my shoulder like a crash! "Just what the hell d'you think you're doin', me buckoo." Irish voice, Irish hand; it meant only one blasted thing. The police! The police!

"I can explain everything, officer," I said in a calm but unsteady voice. After all, I was only stealing my own stocking samples!

"Tell it to the judge," came the officer's reply.

He hoisted me off the floor. He pulled me by the coat collar. Everything became fuzzy after that. I tried to break loose. But I was shoved unmercifully out of the store at a very rapid pace. I think, if I remember correctly, I heard sirens. I looked back to Sylvia who was racing after me and the policeman. She had my trusty sample-case, lugging it for all her might. Her breasts bounced temptingly! Poor darling, the case was heavy enough, and she had to use both hands to carry it, stumbling over it.

"Sylvia, bring the sample-case!" It was like my dying words.

When we got to the police station, there was Sylvia, panting in her panties. All I could think of was, "Did you get the sample-case?"

Then I registered myself with the Police, told them my occupation, that I was a salesman. I turned to dear Sylvia, and asked for my sample-case. "Do you have my stockings?"

"Stockings!?" the police officer asked.

I blushed. This always happens to me as a stocking salesman. People always think they are *my* stockings in the case. I tried to explain to the officer that I sold stockings. I could see by their Irish squinting eyes that they were ready to slap me in the booby-hatch. I finally opened my sample-case, and displayed my lovely stockings. I had to take them out! Then, in no time, the air was cleared. Sylvia had called one of the head buyers at the department store, and had verified my whole story.

"Sample-case dismissed," the officer said, scratching his head. He laughed at his very funny joke. Ha-ha!

"Come, my dear salesgirl," I said majestically to Sylvia, who still stood in her delicious bra and exciting panties. "Let us repair to your abode. There I shall show you — bliss!" With that, I swept Sylvia out of the police station, hopped a cab, and got her back to her apartment on Rush Street. Yes, it was rush street!

"Now, my dear — the art of wearing stockings. Here we have a precious fashion in a heavenly shade of taupe — not quite purple, not quite grey. Notice its marvelous stretch." The stockings gave into my every tug and pull of the fabulous yarns. "Now, see how the shape of the stocking is knitted to cling lovingly to your well-shaped legs. See the foot? Look at those toes — and soon your foot will be beguilingly veiled inside of it."

I rolled the darling object into proper position on Sylvia's leg. The stocking slipped easily over her firm foot. She wiggled her toes in the stocking with utter delight. I rolled the stocking slowly up her shapely leg, passed the stocking over her knee and then slowly, very slowly the stocking rolled up her tempting, ripe thighs. She looked at me with her mouth wide open; her eyes bulged with great allure. I groped for her garter. Her garters were attached to her panties — her smooth panties; black, lustrous, satiny! I had trouble with the garter, and had to circle my hand round her fleshy thigh. I finally got the garter. The stocking stretched splendidly over her thigh, giving her skin a dark, alluring, bewitching charm. I got both stockings on. Then I slipped her high-heels on her feet.

Without batting her false eyelashes, Sylvia sprang up tall before me. The stockings slithered and stretch with every step she took. I reached out to touch her. I spent considerable time handling her lovely lingerie. Bit by bit, my hands found their way to her waist. I rested my hands on the waistband of her panties, giving slight pulls

of the elastic. I noticed how the gentle-to-the-touch panties would change from black to grey when I pulled on them. Her skin beneath the panties shimmered in the dim light of the lamp. I passed my hands down her hips, and reached the leg-band of her panties. I straightened her garter. Then, kneeling, as if in prayer, I ran my hands up and down her lovely legs. The stocking stretched impressively over her curvy legs. I reached for her high-heels, placed them on my knee. "Now my dear salesgirl, can you see what art there is in wearing stockings?"

The black alligator pumps on her feet with the extra high-heels gave strength and shape to her legs. I swooped her into my arms, and plunked her down on the bed. The touch of her stockings sent great shock waves through my body. I felt the devilish feel of the lustrous yarn thrilling my every movement. The dear Sylvia had saved the day for me. She had saved my sample-case from the police. And when I had to open the sample-case of stockings, my own stockings that I had to steal, and show them to the police, I noticed that they too knew the joys of my occupation of stocking salesman! I held Sylvia in my arms, pressed her closer, knowing that this would be a rare moment to remember in Chicago — when I had to steal my own stocking samples. The police forgave me! Sylvia delighted me!

THE END

SEXATIONAL STOCKING

SHOCKERS (Continued from Page 10)

legs a woman ever had, sensually costumed in silk stockings. In one scene she straddles a chair. The garters stretch sexily, pulling her stockings tighter. It is a most passionate scene. Miss Dietrich knew the worth of her stockinged legs!

A female stocking is a work of art. It is so light that a gentle breeze can carry it! It has the magical quality of acting like a veil of temptation on a female leg! In black colors, it provides a devilish glow to the leg. In shades of brown, it adds a subtle vitality of naturalness to the leg. In the new frosty sherbet colors green, blue, red, yellow) it heightens a fashionable tone to the leg. In the patterned styles, it livens up a female leg, gives a sexy zest to her sensual attitude. And when the exquisite filminess of the yarns presses next to the male's tougher skin,

SEXATIONAL STOCKING SHOCKERS

it is as though the female were charging the man with electricity — SEXATIONAL SHOCKERS!

So far, the Continental strippers have gone far ahead of their American sisters in pleasing the male population.

Come on, you American beauties, let's see those stockings get into the act! Men want more sexational stocking shockers in America!

CAROLE RYVA



DODO





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